

ROBERT BOOTH MONTGOMERY

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the fourth in a family of seven. As a child of seven he emigrated with his mother, sisters and they sailed on a Wednesday, approximately May 14, 1862, from Liverpool, England, on the ship "William Topscot," with 808 saints. They were under the direction of William Gibson, John Clark and Francis M. Lyman. As fellow passengers on board were friends from Scotland, John M. Murdock and family. After six weeks on the water they arrived safely at New York. Then began their long, hard journey across the plains by ox team with the Captain Duncan company. My father walked all the way. They arrived at Kansas City and there awaited the arrival of their husband and father, Robert Sr. He, with his friend, Jimmy Laird, had come to Utah in 1861 and had located at Heber City, Utah. He had built a log house with dirt floors and roof, ready to receive his loved ones. Food had been scarce, the winters severe and cold, and the effects of working many years in the coal mines in Scotland began to tell on him. His health broke, so when the time came for him to meet his family he was too ill to go, so he sent his friend, Jimmy Laird, in his place. One night, while his wife Mary was asleep, she awakened to hear a clear Scotch voice calling, "Is Mary Montgomery aboard." She was disappointed, but courage was common in that persevering band. They made their way to Utah. Grandfather was overjoyed at seeing his family. Within six months he developed pneumonia and died on January 10, 1863. The snow was about three feet deep when they buried him in Heber Cemetery.

Having been a good carpenter, he owned a very good set of carpenter tools. Grandmother had to sell them for money to live on. She traded a valuable Scotch Paisley shawl for a cow so the children could have milk.

My father was then but eight years old. He was hired out to work for Bishop Hunter. He worked several years, turning the money over to his mother to help with living expenses. When he was 12 years old he and his brother Livingston, age eight, hauled wood from the canyons for fuel. When he was 17 he was a blacksmith in the mines at Alta and Big Cottonwood Canyon. While there a cave-in occurred, and cut his head,

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HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS

broke his shoulder and his hand. In Scotland children start school at the age of four. As my father was playing in the school yard where it extended to the broad banks of the River Clyde, he fell into the stream. The men who happened by and saved his life turned out to be two Mormon missionaries. They converted the family to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. My grandfather was president of the branch until he left for America.

My Grandmother Mary Rogers Lousy Montgomery was a persistent worker. No



task that would add to their provisions was ignored. She would go into the fields with other women and glean the wheat, which was used for bread and cereal. Along with her many trials in raising her family, her heart was always sad for her parents left in Scotland and who refused to answer any of her letters. They had told her if she joined the LDS Church they would disown her, but as long as she lived she still wrote to them. She never received any word from any of her family from the time she left Scotland until the time of her death.

Grandmother had a beautiful singing voice and was asked to take part in many entertainments as well as in Church groups. She was a faithful worker in the Church and was the first lady Sunday School teacher in Heber. She was born April 25, 1830, at Witlets Toll, Scotland. She emigrated to Utah in 1862, making her home in Heber City, where she died July 29, 1904. She was loved and respected by her family and a host of friends. (1)

My father married Sarah Young at the age of 20. They had no children. Her health was bad and on February 2, 1882, she died, being buried in Heber, Utah. For many

years my father freighted for Dan Lambert's lumber mill in Kamas. He met Dan's sister Elizabeth and they fell in love, being married October 7, 1885, in the Logan Temple. (2)

The following 12 children were born to them: Pearl Montgomery, Robert Lambert, Oliver, Hazel, Parley, Forest, Shield, Ruby, Dan, LaPreal, Ceibert and Earl.

It seemed only natural for those who knew my mother to love her. Her type of beauty could best be described as being wholesome, a tall plump girl with dark blue eyes, fair skin and a lot of black wavy hair that fell to her knees when unpinned. Mother was the daughter of John and Lenna Hancena Larson Lambert. She was born in Kamas, Utah, on June 14, 1865. After her marriage she moved to Heber, Utah, and was very active in Church and Civic work. Her family was her greatest interest. She was a kind and devoted wife and mother. One of their close friends, Joseph Hatch, once told her he wished he were an artist so he could paint her picture with her children.

My father was also a very fine-looking man, with black hair and black eyes. He was a big man and was always in good health until he was quite old. Although his schooling was meager he was keenly intelligent and loved to read. He had a ready wit and a very good sense of humor. Both friends and strangers traveling through enjoyed his friendly hospitality. When illness or death occurred in the community his services were fully given. If a widow needed a house built, he offered his time and helped build it. His friends could be counted by the score. All who knew him enjoyed his cheerful disposition and wonderful personality.

Life for my father held lots of joy, because of his habit of painting the clouds with sunshine. There came one cloud of sorrow remained with him until his death, that was when my mother, who had been his joy and inspiration, became ill and died. I shall never forget the heartache and sadness on that beautiful May morning when my mother left us. Neither will I forget the tender kindnesses my father showed us children, and the courage he displayed in the responsibility of being both father and mother to a family of children who ranged in ages from 18 months to 18 years. My father never married again, for he felt his

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duty was to us. He had a wonderful memory, a good singing voice, and loved to play his violin. I still have his violin, which was made in the year 1703.

My father's health failed and, in May, 1925, he suffered a paralytic stroke which made him helpless. With the help of my husband and children and my brothers Ceibert and Earl, we cared for him until he died at my home in Midway, Utah. He never complained. He had one half-brother, John Montgomery, that was as dear to him as his own brother, also one sister, Josephena M. Rasband, who died in Salt Lake City in 1958.

As our gospel teaches us that many are called, but few are chosen, so in closing may I say that I feel both my father and mother were special spirits that the Lord sent here to perform a mission. They literally did this in keeping that great commandment of multiplying on the earth. I feel that they are now enjoying each other after their sad separation here on earth. May we their children keep alive their memory by obeying the teachings that they taught us as their children.

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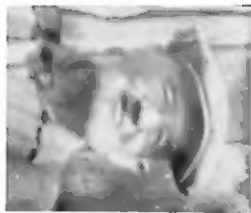
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